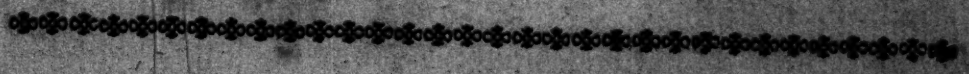


E L E U T H E R I A :

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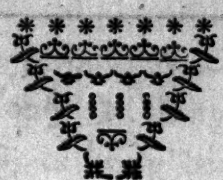
P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO

Mrs. M A C A U L A Y.

LIBERIS, *Pretium Servitutis ingratum est.*

Q. CURTIUS.



L O N D O N,
PRINTED BY JAMES HARRISON:
FOR
G. KEARSLY in LUDGATE-STREET;
E. and C. DILLY in the POULTRY;
B. MARTIN in FLEET-STREET;
AND
T. CADEL in the STRAND.
M DCC LXVIII.

rch
tions

ELFUTHRIA:

P. O. F. M.

M. A. C. A. Y.

*For a Poet to write Verses on LIBERTY in Rhyme, would
be as absurd, as for a Painter to draw her in Fetters.*



ELEUTHERIA: A DREAM.

I SNATCH the Pen, impatient to record
The charming vision of my last night's sleep.

HERMES was ordered, by almighty Jove,
To bring bright ELEUTHERIA to his presence.

THE Goddess came, obedient to the summons,
And as she pass'd along the starry way,
Most fragrant flowers, of every beauteous tinge,
Sprang up, spontaneous, wheresoe'er she trod.

THE bright inhabitants admir'd her light
That blaz'd, and darted far it's glorious beams,
More lustrous than Apollo's noon-tide ray,
And found, that she made heaven itself more blest.

B

WITH

2 E L E U T H E R I A :

WITH pleasure Jove receiv'd his lovely daughter,
And, pointing to his fav'rite western isle,
Said, ELEUTHERIA, you have oft been there,
And made that nation happy with your presence.
But, late, I've seen, with infinite concern,
Men, whom you chose to guard the precious rights
Of that brave people, cowardly desert
The stations you assign'd them ; and, entic'd
By curst ambition and vile avarice,
Give up our cause for coronets and gold,
Exchanging, for vile earth, the joys of heaven.

AND, now, behold the consequences dire
Of that defection ! All their foes could wish,
In bitterness of rage, flows in upon them.
Corruption, Luxury, Venality,
Division, Vanity, and fell Oppression,
O'erwhelm the land. See where pale Famine stalks,
And in her train the sweeping Pestilence,
With Death, grinning a smile at this rich feast.
Go ELEUTHERIA, go with all my power,
To save that island from these dreadful evils,
And, HERMES, do thou summon up the shades
Of patriotic heroes, to attend
My daughter's passage to our lov'd BRITANNIA.

FROM

FROM Jove's receptacle a blazing car,
 More bright than Phœbus's, was soon brought out.
 Two Storks, bred up and nourish'd by the Goddess,
 Were harness'd in, and shook their wings with joy.
 HERMES return'd with his heroic troop,
 Exulting in the honor Jove design'd them.
 In warmest zeal they croud around the chariot,
 More thick than swarms of bees around their queen,
 Ten thousand times ten thousand. There I saw
 Many Athenian chiefs, and generous Spartans;
 But two shone out conspicuous, wearing crowns,
 The brave Leonidas, and stern Lycurgus,
 Most glorious characters, THE PATRIOT KINGS.
 Timoleon too was there, on her right hand.
 Old Rome afforded many a noble spirit,
 That came with pleasure to attend the Goddess.
 But the most lovely of this generous band
 Were the great Bruti and Poplicola.
 Amongst more modern heroes there appear'd
 The Prince of Orange, and Helvetian Tull.
 But what a croud of PATRIOTS did I see
 From dear BRITANNIA's isle! The setting sun,
 In Leo's torrid sign, never brought forth
 Such myriads of aërial floating beings,
 As came from ALBION, on this great occasion.

4 E L E U T H E R I A.

Milton, Pym, Hampden, Ludlow, Harrington,
Sydney, Locke, Russel, Cavendish, and Moleworth;
With many thousand others, whose bright names
Shine out most glorious in the BRITISH annals.

THE Goddeſs, thus attended, took her leave
Of Jove's high court, and flying from Olympus,
Alighted on the well-known cliffs of Dover.
Thence, westward, she directs her steady course,
Gladning the land, to fair Augusta's towers.
Here she assumes her earthly name of LIBERTY;
And rides in glorious triumph through the city.
Tyrants were led before her, with their hands
Ty'd fast behind; and their oppressive ministers,
Adorn'd with gilded coronets and mitres,
Follow'd, as sacrifices to Astræa.
Famine, and Plague, and War, and dire Confusion,
Which threat'ned total ruin to the state,
Fled from before her, and forsook the land.
Plenty, and Health, and Peace, and decent order,
Came dancing all around her, hand in hand.

SHE to St. Stephen's chapel wing'd her way,
Where she had often been, and, from the chair,
Harangu'd, in trumpet-sounds, the list'ning island.

The

The Caledonian rocks, and ALBION's cliffs,
 From northern Orcades to southern Vectis,
 Re-eccho, many a time, her charming voice.

BRITONS attend! I come by JOVE's command,
 Once more to warn you of impending dangers,
 Which threaten this fair Island, always dear
 To our almighty Father, and to me.
 Your trade is almost gone, your credit sunk,
 Your allies, even your colonies, forsake you.
 Your debts immense oppress the laboring poor,
 Who pay them all at last, and therefore want
 The comforts and the joys, which heretofore
 Their hard and humble station us'd to cheer.
 Now, like French peasants, through this land they range,
 Picking the vilest refuse, to support
 Their wretched beings. Some, indeed, more bold,
 Disdaining this vile sustenance, encroach
 On what their honest neighbours dear have earn'd.
 What Frauds! what Thefts! what Robberies, and Murders,
 Unknown in ancient times, disgrace you now!
 But these are evils of inferior nature
 To what proceed from the high ranks of life;
 Treason against the state, the public weal,
 Is every day committed by the great.

Your

6 E L E U T H E R I A :

Your country's wealth and privileges sold
By those whom you entrusted to preserve them :
Traffic more strange than what the foolish Indians
Drove with the cunning European merchants,
Changing their solid treasure, for the baubles
Of painted ribbands and gay tinsel bonnets.
BRITONS ! for trash like this, you're sold, you're sold,
Your wives and children, to perpetual bondage,
And every dreadful evil that attends it.
Rouse ! rouse my favorites ! and prevent the yoke
From being fixt upon your necks for ever.
This is the time, and LIBERTY advises.
Let Luxury be held in detestation,
As the corrupter of all human virtue.
Let Public Good be study'd more than private.
Give those alone your votes who are most worthy.
Let such be branded with eternal infamy
Who would corrupt you, with a tempting bribe,
To sell your birthright for a mess of pottage ;
To give away your country, for a feast.
No longer throw away your public treasure,
For doing JOBS which even the doers blush at.
Let all your standing armies be disbanded ;
And trust yourselves, as you were wont of old,
When the proud Gallic forces felt your power

At

At Cressi, Poitiers, and fam'd Azincourt:
 Unlike the days of Rochfort and St. Cas.
 Let justice, equal and impartial justice,
 Be done to meanest peasants as to dukes,
 And this, without expence of time or money.
 Let all the vain parade and pageantry
 Of gilded chariots, and the pride of dress,
 With every idle foppery, be left
 To Gallic slaves, who know no other worth.
 Be yours, to conquer these aspiring rivals;
 To make your double cross command the ocean,
 And bring home all the treasures of the globe.
 Thus may you pay your vast enormous debts,
 And be the glory of the human race.
 Thus would you scatter blessings all around,
 And cries of poor be no more heard amongst you.

BEHOLD these worthies, who attend me here,
 Were wont to talk this language, in these walls,
 Inspir'd by me. And highly they advanc'd
 Their countries' glory, happiness, and peace.
 Blest shades! The foremost in the ranks of fame.
 Go, all ye BRITONS, follow their example.
 Observe these few directions, and be FREE.

8 E L E U T H E R I A, &c.

THE Goddess then descended from the chair,
Amidst the loud applause of many millions:
And order'd Hermes to conduct the shades
Back to their blest abodes, in fair Elysium.

RESOLVING, for a while, to fix her seat
Amongst us mortals, whom she would instruct
In the high arts of a free government,
From house to house she walk'd to chuse a place
And FORM to dwell in. Many friends she saw,
And left her lovely picture in Pall-Mall.
Not far from thence, near the fam'd Park, she found
A breast replete with virtues all divine.
Joyful, she enter'd into this bright FORM,
And said, her ORACLES she now would give
From the well-guided pen of fair MACAULAY.

Feb. 20.

1768.

F I N I S.